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Editor's Note

Dear Discorder:

The August issue of Discorder is only available in digital format. Not printing this issue was a drastic, but financially necessary, decision. We're looking into ways to prevent something like this from happening again, but we may have to consider printing on a bi-monthly basis in the future.

Discorder has two major sources of revenue: a grant from our lovely publisher CiTR and revenue from advertisers. The grant—we are assured—isn't going anywhere, but you'll notice our ads have been taking up less of our pages lately. We are a great deal for advertisers' with rates as low as \$50. If you're interested (and you should be if you want appeal to the young, cool and intelligent people of Vancouver) get in touch with our advertising rep at promotions.discorder@gmail.com. We have survey results from readers which can give you a good idea about what sort of people you'll be reaching to share with those curious.

If you're worried about us going out of print, it's not something that's likely to happen. Everyone on the Discorder team and at CiTR is devoted to putting together a print magazine about Vancouver's music scene.

Enough doom and gloom though. There's still lots of great stuff happening in Vancouver and just because you can't read about it on paper doesn't mean we're not reporting on it. Check out our musical picks at the brand new Olio Festival on page 10, it's a good way to check out some new local bands on the cheap although if you want to read about some in more detail take a look at our profile on the high energy MT-40 on page 13 or the bearded flannel rock of Minto on page 12.

If you're interested in music scenes a little further afield you will definitely be interested in reading the feature on Sled Island in Calgary and the interview with festival curator Colin Newman found on pages 18 and 21.

For something a little less musical, but no less interesting, check out the performance art/walking tour Debby Reis went on with the Miss Guides on page 8.

We're looking forward to reading the September issue on paper. Until then, we hope you enjoy August online.

Cheers,
Jordie

Corrections

In our last issue we accidentally asserted that Dave Duprey and Malice who run the Rickshaw Theatre together were the same person. This is not the case and is an error of the editor's not Jessica Barrett who wrote the article and is an excellent researcher.

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08. The Miss Guides

Debby Reis explores the ruins of Vancouver on this artistic guided walk.

10. Olio Festival

Check out what Vancouver's newest festival is all about and what we have to say about some of the best bands who will be performing.

12. Minto

Our reporter delved into a land of beard and flannel to cover this bands record release at the Railway Club.

13. MT-40

Sophie Sweetland of Vancouver's high energy dance duo sat down and chatted with our reporter about her band.

17. Michael Jackson on the Internet

Alex McCarter spent hours on the Internet diving through the many projects that were inspired by the King of Pop's passing. This article was a much more productive use of her time than Facebook ever would be.

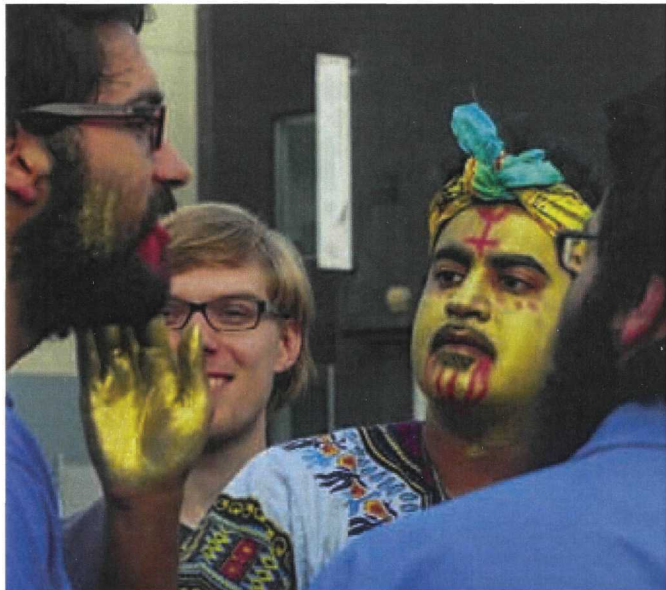
18. Sled Island

Far from this rainy city of ours is a city called Calgary. To the best of our knowledge it is full of cows and oil barons. They also have a pretty kick ass music festival.

21. Colin Newman

The Wire frontman and Sled Island curator took some time out during the festival to chat with a couple of our writers.

King Khan photographed by Quinn Omori at Sled Island



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Textually Active:

Handmade Electronic Music: The Art of Hardware Hacking (Second Edition)

by Nicolas Collins | Routledge Press

by Andy Hudson

When I first laid hands on my Dad's paperback copy of *How to Build Model Rockets*, my fingers buzzed. Here was the crux of a three-stage rocket, pared down to 150 pages and a handful of schematic diagrams.

Now in its second edition, *Handmade Electronic Music* hums with that same trembling current of close-packed know-how.

Based on years of workshops he gave to would-be circuit-benders at the School of Art Institute in Chicago, Nicolas Collins keeps this guide simple but open-ended.

Collins started hacking clocks, toys and credit card readers in the early 1970s, when a synth cost tens of thousands of dollars. In this guide and his own music, Collins retains a makeshift design aesthetic and a love of found sound—the same fixations, I learned, that draw fans of Very Low-Frequency Radio to plant wire crosses on hilltops where, far above the 60 Hz city, they listen in on meteorites sizzling through the ionosphere.

With makeshift as a design goal, Collins avoids most electronics theory and includes nothing so hi-tech as a transistor (the building block of all modern synths). His parts list, which he estimates is less than \$50, begins with pop-can tabs, vegetables and guitar pick-ups before moving on to handmade switches and CMOS circuits.

Also, to keep new keeners safe, Collins avoids hacks on anything but battery-powered devices, although he does set out guidelines for working with AC power in the closing chapters. (I only got as far as playing thermine-like AM radios and getting a shopping list for "circuit sniffers," which are wire coils that pick up electromagnetic fields. These can be used in for projects such as sound artist Christina Kubisch's 2003 work. She installed some similarly low-tech coils into headphones and then

invited citizens of Birmingham to walk around listening to the electromagnetic pulse of their ATMs, subways and electricity grid.)

Now editor-in-chief at the Leonardo Music Journal, Nicolas Collins writes his how-to in a very engaging, useful style that finds the time to be more than a little weird. For instance, into a three-page, illustrated primer on how to solder, Collins writes that "Successful soldering, like fundamentalist Christian comedy performed in mid-winter by an L-Dopa patient, depends on cleanliness, heat,

"Successful soldering, like fundamentalist Christian comedy performed in mid-winter by an L-Dopa patient, depends on cleanliness, heat, steady hands and ... timing!" —Nicolas Collins

steady hands and ... timing!"

When a lesser writer tries on such a personal style, like the guy who wrote a socialist manifesto on bike repair, instructions get confusing. But Collins is an ace instructor. If he sidetracks, it's only to regale readers with backstory on avant-garde hackers like Paul de Marinis, who included vegetable bits as electrical components so that his circuits would naturally age.

If I have one misgiving about *Handmade Electronic Music*, it's only that the ebook version, which is the same price as the paperback, doesn't include the videos of hacked-hardware performances that get shipped with the paper copies. But that is a very small gripe for an otherwise handy book that has the look and feel of simple rocket science.

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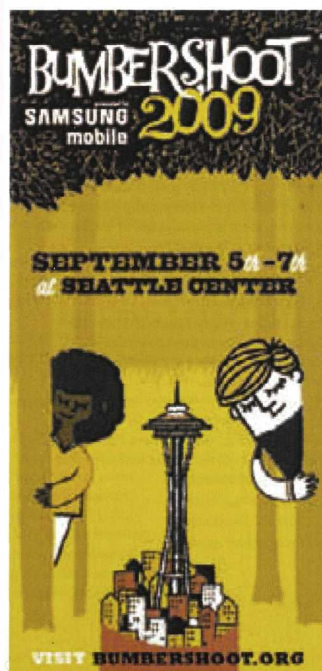
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Riff Raff

The Bon/Woven Bones & Flight/The Famines

by Bryce Dunn

All right readers, August is upon us and not a moment too soon, as I know you've been yearning for more pearls of wisdom—and we can't let you down, now can we? Especially when such fine musical masterpieces have graced my turntable with sweet sounds such as that which the **Bon** hath sent me. Now these Torontonians boast a well-bred pedigree of past rock giants like the **Leather Uppers**, the **Exploders** and the **Tijuana Bibles**, and all linked by way of one "Classy" Craig Daniels, who knows how to write a catchy-as-measles tune, as well as keep the tongue firmly planted in the jowl. Listen carefully to the A-side of their debut platter and don't tell me it won't conjure up an "I've been there!" moment every time someone asks a "Stupid Question" [ed. *that's a song title*]. By the way, who did drink Canada Dry? Flip this pancake for "Ancient Times," a stroll down garage rock memory lane where you'll hear the familiar strains of the **Gruesomes** or the **Ten Commandments** plucking away while the drums crash and the bass doth bash. A solid sender this one, and more to come methinks?

More from Sweet Rot Records this month its true, and lest you be thinking its a big Alan Freedman-like scam, I assure you no payola was exchanged in the reviewing of these records (although it would be nice, hey Jordie?) [ed. *and how!*]. Nay, these records come free of favouritism and not without the occasional criticism (oh how I loved that **Anal's 7"** from a while back). I can say with certainty that I really dig both **Woven Bones** and **Flight's** newest offerings. The former is a trio of sun-baked Texan psych heads driving straight into a brick wall of **Jesus-and-Mary-Chain** distortion with the tracks "Your Sorcery" and "Howlin' Woof" and leaving you dizzy, while the latter feels like the aftermath of the crash-pounding drums careening into reverb-soaked

space jams with a sinister edge, in the songs "Flowers" and "Johnny's Mixed Up." My feelings exactly, so make sure you're armed to the tits with an ample supply of ibuprofen, as both these records are sure not to leave your head for days.

Lastly, the **Famines** are a two-piece guitar and drums tour de force out of Edmonton who combine a love of art with their music and throw in some social commentary to boot on a new two-sided affair. We first discovered these guys about a year ago and their usage of consumer iconography and post-punk influences grabbed our attention, so it's no surprise that "Free Love Is A Sales Technique" speaks on the commodification of courtship to the tune of a straight forward and speedy punk-laced song and "The First World War" name drops classic Canadian war battles, but vows "we should never do it again" (I think these guys failed history class... I kid, I kid). Like a strange hybrid of **Godhead Silo's** grungier moments or **Duotang's** twangier tunes, the **Famines** like to mine a lot of different territory to keep things interesting both musically and visually (as the record jacket of their latest single can attest) and it seems to work.

That's all folks—back to school next month!

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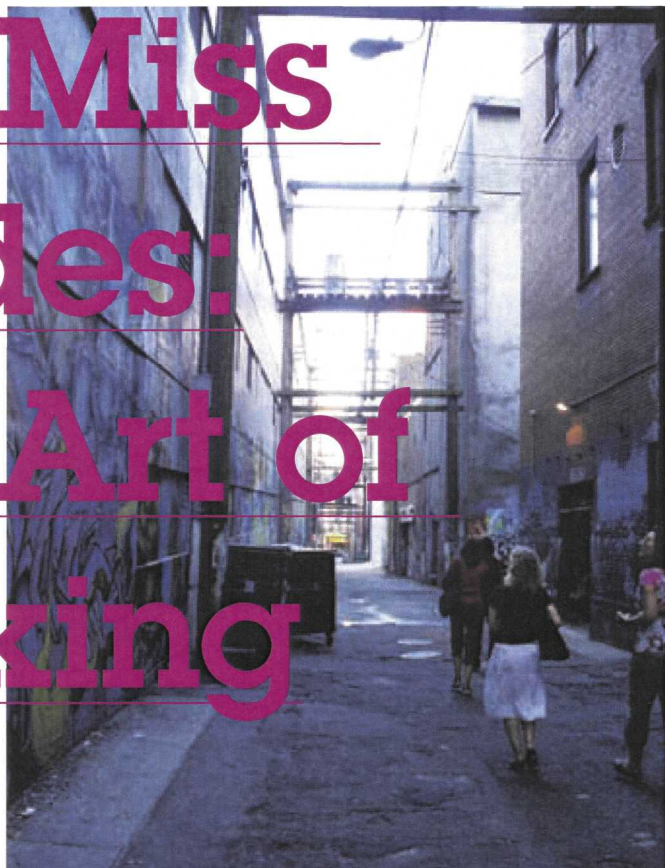
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The Miss Guides: The Art of Walking

photos and text by Debby Reis



I met up with the Miss Guides on a July evening outside of Sinclair Centre for their *Walking the Ruins* tour. But the Miss Guides isn't your typical touristy "learn all about Vancouver's history" sort of tour. In fact, the Miss Guides don't even like to use the word "tour." They prefer "walk" because "tour," as they explained to me a few days later, implies being a passive consumer. Walking, on the other hand, is described on the Miss Guides' website as "politicized and empowering." But just what does that mean?



The walk began with our guides, Katherine Somody, Natalie Doonan and Sean George (also known as Anna Swede, Dorian and Kidskid, respectively), asking the walkers to insert earplugs. It was a little strange, but I found myself in awe of how my footsteps resembled a heartbeat as we walked around a Canada Line construction area.

"We're trying to use defamiliarization as a tactic so that ... you're looking in a new way. You're being engaged, not so much as a spectator, but as a participant in perceiving the city in new ways," Doonan told me.

But this was just the beginning. After crouching down at one of the doors of Sinclair Centre trying to imagine an unspecified workers' riot, having one of the guide's phone ring and the person on the other end ask for someone specific in the group, and having quotes read to us as though they were lines of poetry, we were taken up to the viewing deck of Harbour Centre, followed by a walk down a series of alleys. This movement from the glittery height of the

tower to the urine soaked low of the alley was just one of the contrasts *Walking the Ruins* revealed.

The definition of "ruin" is the primary term the Miss Guides challenge through their exposure of dichotomies. Is the construction of the Canada Line a ruin of sorts? What about the memory, or lack thereof, of what was there before? There were other dichotomies explored on the walk as well; what is the difference between a weed and a wildflower? Or art and graffiti? Exposing these contrasts made me think about them, and in this way, *Walking the Ruins* was empowering.

By the time you read this, the Miss Guides' *Walking the Ruins* will only be on offer through special arrangement. Nevertheless, the group is still active. Not only will they be working on a project to commemorate the reopening of Woodward's, but when visiting their website (themissguides.com), you can explore the self-guided walk, *All the Trees Along Granville Street*. You can click on locations marked with an "x" and a series of photos of the tree (or the

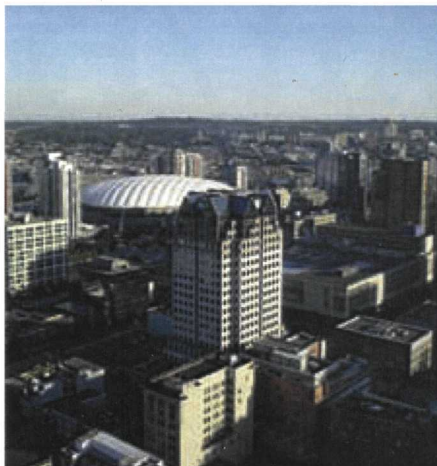
tree stump) at that location will open up. The photos have been taken over time since December 2008 and are overlaid on top of one another to evoke a sense of ghostly collage. This layered effect reflects the Miss Guides' value of oral culture and nonlinear storytelling.

"With each retelling of the story, it changes, and with the particular group of people, it changes, and with the weather and whether it's during the day time or the night time or what day of the week it is, all of those factors contribute to the story itself changing over time," Doonan explained.

This statement sums up the Miss Guides' walks nicely, but it also reflects the nature of storytelling and understanding in general. And if the walk makes you think about that, then it certainly isn't your usual tour.



This movement from the glittery height of the tower to the urine soaked low of the alley was just one of the contrasts *Walking the Ruins* revealed.



OLIO FESTIVAL: Music/ Comedy/ Art/Film

Intro by Alex McCarter. Festival picks written by Dan Fumano, Jordie Yow, Becky Sandler, Gord McCullough and Philippa Lavery

Recessionistas get ready to party—there is a new festival in town! Born out of a late night talk at a party earlier this year, the first annual Olio (pronounced oh-lee-oh) Festival will be taking place in 19 venues across the city from Aug. 13 to 16. Modeled after Pop Montreal (Olio business director Scott Roberts has helped run Pop Montreal in the past), Olio will feature over 80 shows with enticing outside acts alongside the best of Vancouver's music, art and comedy scenes. All for the recession-friendly price of \$25!

"It allows people of various types to mix creativities in a way that would not be possible if we were showing each art form separately."

—Dani Vachon

The word "olio" means a medley of musical or literary sections and this is embodied in the setup of the festival. Olio shows off Vancouver in a way the directors feel our city deserves and it tears away the myth that Vancouver is "no fun city." Olio celebrates the cultural smorgasbord Vancouver has to offer.

"Vancouver needs to showcase itself—it's a young city, what only 100, maybe 150 years old? Montreal's 400! We may have some catching up to do—but it's a great place, too," reflected Jason Sulyma (a.k.a. MY!GAY!HUSBAND!), the promotions director for the festival.

"We want to bring the bands out of East Van to showcase to people how much talent there is," Sulyma said. Olio brings in bigger name acts and mixes them with local favourites, aiming to expose local groups to a wider audience. For example, Chicago DJ duo Flosstradamus has been paired with Vancouver's Gang Violence at the Biltmore on Friday Aug. 14.

Various art forms have also been "olioed." Most concert venues will also double as art showcases. On top of this, one location each night will have music, art and comedy! This hodgepodge trend is something that Dani Vachon, Olio's production director and the co-founder of Sealed with a Kiss, is particularly excited about. "It allows people of various types to mix creativities in a way that would not be possible if we were showing each art form separately," she explained.

A different area of Vancouver is featured each night, with the purpose of allowing people to discover new venues and areas of the city in a "neighbourhood crawl." Thursday focuses on Gastown, Main street on Friday, and Downtown on Saturday. The festival will finish up with a massive party at Venue. The basic premise of Olio is fun. So, come out and experience the many sorts of excitement Vancouver has to offer! Below is a chronologically arranged list of the bands that shouldn't be missed.

THURSDAY AUGUST 13

Fine Mist

Duo Megan McDonald and Jay Arner have molded the seemingly simple combination of vocals and synth into super catchy pop songs. Transporting you into their living room with a set up of brass unicorns and dream catchers, it's impossible to resist joining Megan as she asks the audience to participate. Audiences have learned the words and now come prepared to sing and dance. Seeing Fine Mist is simply fun and gets even better when you

catch yourself singing the songs again to yourself on your walk home from the show. Fine Mist plays at the Unfamiliar Records showcase at 10:15 p.m. at the Red Room.

White Lung

Wielding their own unique brand of punk rock, White Lung comes at you like a punch to the face. Their sound is gritty and raw and the four females behind the band make no apologies. Lead vocalist Mish Way possesses what can only be described as a kick-ass growl that lets you know these girls are not to be messed with. With this band you know you are guaranteed an aggressive and entertaining live show that's going to get messy. White Lung will be unleashed at 11:30 p.m. at the Cobalt.

FRIDAY AUGUST 14

Apollo Ghosts

With their fun, energetic rock songs, Apollo Ghosts have become a Vancouver staple. Found regularly in art galleries, coffee shops and small venues around the city, the band's performances are always enjoyable. The members clearly love to play their music and bring the audience into the show with playful stage banter. Their Olio performance marks their return from a small West Coast tour supporting their new EP, *Forgotten Triangle*. Don't miss them at 10:00 p.m. at the Mint Records showcase at the Anza Club.

World Club

Every so often certain artists burrow deep into our brain and remain there forever—but in a good way. World Club has been on constant repeat for many since their performance at Music Waste. The band's songs are multi-dimensional and aggregates of several different but well-informed musical ideas. Evidence for this can be found in the fantastic "Sick Machines" whose Liars' pulse is interrupted by Slint-style riffing without once losing its haunting effect. When you finish reading, go listen to World Club and make plans to see them play at 11:00 p.m. at the Biltmore.

The Whatsundays

Coming to us all the way from Edmonton is the vintage garage psychedelia of the Whatsundays. If you haven't heard their debut self-titled album, it's worth grabbing (or downloading) so you can hum along to the Whatsundays' organ-soaked walls of

Brit-rock inspired sound. The band is an experienced group of musicians who don't tour much, but spend a lot of time on other projects (like Shout Out Out Out Out, the Faunts and the Wet Secrets) so if you are a fan, take this chance to see them while you can. The Whatsundays play at midnight at the Mint Records showcase at the Anza Club.

SATURDAY AUGUST 15

Humans

Made up of Peter Ricq and Robbie Slade this duo combines elements of electro, reggae and dub in a fresh style that's unique in Vancouver—think heavy dance beats with a mix of disaffected and falsetto vocals. They focus on getting people's bodies moving so the dance night they've got going on with Pop Machine should be a blast. Humans play at 10:00 p.m. at the Ayden Gallery.

Sun Wizard

At festivals like this one, sometimes the best part is seeing a new band for the first time. One such new band is Sun Wizard, a quartet formed about six months ago by singer-guitarists James Younger (formerly of the Green Hour) and Malcom Jack (formerly of the Hung Jury), drummer Ben Frey (formerly of Adelaide) and bassist Frank Lyon. In their relatively brief time together, the band has moved from a rootsy folk-rock to a more straight ahead rock sound, and played a handful of well-received sets around town. By the time you read this, the boys will have just finished recording for their first release, an EP due in the fall. Sun Wizard plays at 10:30 p.m. at the Railway Club.

Maluca

Maluca is the stage name of Natalie Ann Yepez, a New York native of Dominican descent. According to Yepez, her music combines Latin American styles such as salsa, merengue and cumbia with a dose of hip-hop, reggae and house. But don't worry, it does not sound like reggaeton. She's recently signed to Mad Decent, the label run by Diplo, who produced her hot debut single, "El Tigero." As a strong female performer with a connection to Diplo, comparisons to M.I.A. and Santogold are inevitable, but Maluca looks like she's set to make her own mark. Maluca plays at midnight at the Mad Decent showcase at Venue.



"Fuzzed out arena folk rock."

by Leanna Orr

On July 9, I went in search of Minto frontman Ryan Hoben at the Biltmore, wanting to offer my congratulations for what was looking like a successful CD release. "This shouldn't be hard," I thought, "I'm looking for a bearded man with glasses, likely wearing skinny jeans and flannel." I have met Hoben several times before, but for the life of me, could not distinguish him from the dozens of doppelgängers roaming the bar. If flannel-rock were a genre, Minto would epitomize it.

The Vancouver five-piece consists of Hoben, rhythm guitarist Kalvin Olafson, lead guitarist Evret Tucker, bassist Suzy Easton and drummer Jimi Cuell. Minto has been around—in some form or another—since 2002, when Vancouver Film School students Olafson, Tucker and Hoben began jamming together. Since then, the band has chalked up a few changes in line-up and name, most notably the transformation from the Smokes to Minto earlier this year. July 9 brought the release of *Lay It On Me*, a full-length album recorded at Electrical Audio in Chicago and engineered by the legendary Steve Albini.

Albini, who has worked on everything from Nirvana and the Pixies to Joanna Newsom, would have been proud of Minto's performance on the night of the release. The show was startlingly good. Hoben

could barely contain his excitement and fortunately he channeled his nervous energy into a fervent and captivating performance. Even the listless presence of bassist Suzy Easton couldn't puncture Minto's energy. Musically, the band was tight. They clearly practise consistently and their commitment to Minto, and the album, is palpable.

The night had the feeling of a great send-off: a bit

**All they really need is
a stage, a 24-pack of
beer and some flannel.**

like a wedding or rocket-ship launch. Band members' mothers were in the front row, recording with their video cameras as the fathers took pictures with long-range lenses and high-powered flashes. Best to preserve the moment for posterity; one feels as if it has been a long time coming. I hope at least a couple of pictures captured Hoben as he wiped his brow with his flannel shirt between songs.

That motion punctuated the show, as it slowly ramped up towards the climax of the night: the encore. In my experience, encores are usually planned by the band and only half-desired by the audience. People clap at the end of the show, truly apprecia-

tive but anticipating a trip to the bar or outside for a smoke. Then, however, the band takes applause as a call for more, and "spontaneously" regains their instruments for the last three songs of their set. Minto's encore was nothing of the sort. I got the impression that they genuinely intended to be finished, but the relentless calls of the crowd urged them back the stage for a final performance. "Electrical Microphone" exalted the night, and with several fans singing on stage, it gave everyone the feeling that they were inside a Hold Steady song, or perhaps dosed with just a touch of E.

If *Lay It On Me* has any faults, it is that a recording cannot match the experience of the live show. This is an album meant for a stage. The band, after all, calls their music "fuzzed out arena folk rock." That said, *Lay It On Me* is a worthy purchase. The music is quality and genuine, clearly a labour of love. Albini's work is valuable and obvious; the sound is crisp and instrument-forward. Minto did not need the star engineer to make this launch a success, however. All they really need is a stage, a 24-pack of beer and some flannel.

Minto will be playing the Green Mountain Music Festival on Aug. 8, and in Vancouver on Aug. 15 for Kits Days, then on Aug. 26 for Sealed with a Kiss' Gypsy Fade. After that, they will be embarking on a coast-to-coast tour of Canada.

MT-40

Sardonic
lyricism,
fervent
beats



by Emily Lougheed

In a city as full of talent as Vancouver, it's easy for a burgeoning band to get lost in the fray. However, MT-40, with their sardonic lyricism and resplendent hooky melodies punctuated by fervent beats, have been gradually making themselves conspicuous over the last six months.

They quite notably stole the show—with some even calling it the best performance of the five-day affair—when they played the Biltmore for Music Waste.

It's become increasingly apparent at their shows that few can keep their backs against the wall and resist the urge to join in convulsive fits of spastic abandon. When asked if danceability was a priority when writing songs, Sophie Sweetland (keys and vocals), the female half of the lo-fi/electro/synth-punk duo, kept her reply succinct, "Yes definitely. MT-40 was created for dancing, nothing else."

While Sweetland mans their namesake MT-40 keyboard, Reginald Bowls, who deftly programmed a Commodore 64 as a synth, is responsible for the flippantly subversive lyrics in most of their songs. Although that may be the case, Sweetland said, "Song writing is a collaborative effort. We both come up with parts and play them for each other, and if we

like it, we will try to make it into a whole song."

Sweetland's solo musical endeavours run the gamut from dream pop to drone to surf rock. With MT-40's sound, however, Sweetland shows a pronounced contrast to the other music she has written. Sweetland cited influences such as John Maus, Lady Ga Ga, and "other good main-stream pop." This contrast isn't surprising and no doubt contributes to MT-40's sonic layering of beguiling hooks and dissonant progressions with a dance sensibility.

One of their most captivating compositions is "Issabella Rossellini," a wantonly hasty romp addressed to its namesake. It's a crowd favourite and the song, Sweetland admitted, is the most fun to play.

Though they've played a few shows a month since they started in February, their first is still Sweetland's favourite.

"I keep thinking about our first show, which we played in White Rock at a house party. It was also World Club's first show. It was really good fun even though we only had like four songs and everyone was super wasted," Sweetland said.

With all the shows they're playing you might expect them to be getting ready to tour, but while

"MT-40 was created for dancing, nothing else."

Sweetland said they dream of touring, they have no plans to do so at the moment.

Sweetland includes the band she played with at MT-40's first show among her favourite local performers. "World Club, Nü Sensae, Walter TV, Modern Creatures, Sex Negatives. I go to their shows, get stoked and then hope to create that kind of energy in MT-40."

Though one has to agree on her choices for top Vancouver acts, it can be said that the energy created at an MT-40 show is unmatched—a fact that sets them apart from the vast assortment of talent this city has to offer.

You can catch MT-40 at the Media Club, Saturday, Aug. 15, for the Olio Festival with Juvenile Hall and Sex Party.

CiTR 101.9 FM PROGRAM GUIDE

We suggest listening to CiTR online at www.citr.ca, everyday.

	SUNDAY		MONDAY		TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
6am			CiTR Rebroadcast		Pacific Pickin (Roots)	CiTR Rebroadcast	CiTR Rebroadcast	CiTR Rebroadcast	CiTR Rebroadcast	6am
7	CiTR Rebroadcast									7
8					Give em The Boot (World)	Suburban Jungle (Eclectic)	End Of The World News (Talk)	Fill In		8
9	Tana Radio (World)		Breakfast With The Browns (Eclectic)					Synchronicity (Talk)	The Saturday Edge (Roots)	9
10	Shookshookta (Talk)				Third Time's The Charm (Rock)	Pop Drones (Eclectic)	Sweet And Hot (Jazz)	Ska-T's Scenic Drive (Ska)		10
11	Kol Nodedi (World)		Japanese Musicquest (World)							11
12pm			Alt Radio (Talk)	Canadian (Talk)	Morning After Show (Eclectic)	Anoize (Noise)	Duncan's Donuts (Eclectic)	These Are The Breaks (Hip-hop)	Generation Anihilation (Punk)	12pm
1	The Rockers Show (Reggae)				Laugh Tracks (Talk)	The Green Majority (Talk)	We All Fall Down (Eclectic)	Fill In	Power Chord (Metal)	1
2			Parts Unknown (Pop)		Wings (Talk) Reel to Real (Talk)	Democracy Now (Talk)	Ink Studs (Talk)	Radio Zero (Dance)		2
3	Blood On The Saddle (Roots)	Shameless (Eclectic)	Lets Get Baked (Talk)		Native Solidarity News (Talk)	Rumbletone Radio A Go Go (Rock)	Fill In		Code Blue (Roots)	3
4			The Rib (Ecl)		Radio Freethinker (Talk)		French Connection (World)	Nardwuar Presents (Nardwuar)		4
5	Chips (Pop)	Saint Tropez (Pop)	Fill In Career Fast Track (Talk)		Weners BBQ (Sports)	Arts Report (Talk)	Cafe Radio (World)	News 101 (Talk)	The Leo Ramirez Show (World)	5
6	Queer FM (Talk)		This Side of Monday (Eclectic)	Son Of Nite (Eclectic)	Flex Your Head (Hardcore)	Audiotext (Talk) Sam-squatch (Ecl) Canadian Way (Ecl)	Stereoscopic Redoubt (Rock)	Hot Mess (Eclectic)	Nasha Volna (World)	6
7									Shadow Jugglers (Dance)	7
8	Rhythms (World)	Awesome (Ecl)	Radio Free Gak (Eclectic)		Life On Jumpstreet (Dance)	Folk Oasis (Roots)	Exquisite Corpse (Experimental)	African Rhythms (Eclectic)		8
9	Mondo Trashed (Ecl)				Crimes And Treasons (Hip-hop)	Sexy In Van City (Talk)	Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell (Live)	Rainbow Groove (Dance)	Synaptic Sandwich (Dance/Electronic/ Eclectic)	9
10	Transcendance (Dance)		The Jazz Show (Jazz)					Shake A Tail Feather (Soul/R&B)		10
11					CabaRadio (Talk)	Hans Kloss Misery Hour (Hans Kloss)	Hypnotic Groove (Dance)		Beats From The Basement (Hip Hop)	11
12am								I Like The Scribbles (Eclectic)		12am
1										1
2							Aural Tentacles (Eclectic)	The Vampire's Ball (Industrial)		2
3	CiTR Rebroadcast		CiTR Rebroadcast		CiTR Rebroadcast	CiTR Rebroadcast			CiTR Rebroadcast	3
4								CiTR Rebroadcast		4
5										5

SUNDAY

TANA RADIO
(World) 9-10am

SHOOKSHOOKTA
(Talk) 10-11am
A program targeted to Ethiopian people that encourages education and personal development.

KOL NODEDI
(World) 11am-12pm
Beautiful arresting beats and voices emanating from all continents, corners and voids. Always rhythmic, always captivating. Always crossing borders.

THE ROCKERS SHOW
(Reggae) 12-3pm
Alternating Sundays
Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE
(Roots) 3-5pm
Alternating Sundays
Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

SHAMELESS
(Eclectic) 3-5pm
Alternating Sundays
Dedicated to giving local music acts a crack at some airplay. When not playing the PR shtick, you can hear some faves you never knew you liked.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
(Pop) 5-6pm
Alternating Sundays
British pop music from all decades. International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtracks and lounge.

SAINT TROPEZ
(Pop) 5-6pm
Alternating Sundays
Welcome to St. Tropez! Playing underrated music from several decades!
st.tropez101.9@gmail.com

QUEER FM
(Talk) 6-8pm
Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest fea-

tures, background on current issues and great music.
queerfmradio@gmail.com

RHYTHMSINDIA
(World) 8-9pm
Alternating Sundays
Featuring a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present; Ghazals and Bhajans, Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

ALL AWESOME IN YOUR EARS
(Eclectic) 8-9pm
Alternating Sundays

MONDO TRASHO
(Eclectic) 9-10pm
The one and the only Mondo Trasho with Maxwell Maxwell—don't miss it!

TRANCENDANCE
(Dance) 10pm-12am
Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.
trancendance@hotmail.com

MONDAY

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS
(Eclectic) 8-11am
Your favourite Brownsters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights.
breakfastwiththebrowns@hotmail.com

JAPANESE MUSICQUEST
(World) 11am-12pm
Syndicated from CJLY Kootenay Co-op Radio in Nelson, B.C.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO
(Talk) 12-1pm
Alternating Mondays
Hosted by David Barsamian.

CANADIAN VOICES
(Talk) 12-1pm
Alternating Mondays

PARTS UNKNOWN
(Pop) 1-3pm
An indie pop show since 1999, it's like a marshmallow

sandwich: soft and sweet and best enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

LET'S GET BAKED
(Talk) 3-4pm
Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peek, the Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, the Superfantastics and more.

THE RIB
(Eclectic) 4-5pm
Explore the avant-garde world of music with host Robyn Jacob on the Rib. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical! So weird it will blow your mind!

CAREER FAST TRACK
(Music) 5:30-6pm

SON OF NITE DREAMS
(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
Alternating Mondays
Join jolly John Tanner, radio survivor for almost half a century now, heard alternating Mondays with an eclectic musical mix of many eras from the '50s to today.

THIS SIDE OF MONDAY
(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm
Alternating Mondays
Fun and independent music supported by a conversational monologue of information, opinion and anecdotes focusing on the here, the now and the next week.
becktrex@gmail.com

RADIO FREE GAK
(Eclectic) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW
(Jazz) 9pm-12am
Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever suave, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.
Aug. 3: "Jazz Contemporary" is a fine overlooked date by trumpet great Kenny Dorham with his working band.
Aug. 10: "Blues in Orbit" by Duke Ellington and his Orchestra is one of his most appealing recordings and as always with Duke... a

classic!
Aug. 17: "Transition" by John Coltrane with his "classic" quartet. This recording was discovered after his death and stands as one of his best.
Aug. 24: "Proof Positive" by trombone pioneer J.J. Johnson is his most personal statement—with J.J. is his working quartet.
Aug. 31: Charlie Parker would have been 89 on Aug. 29. We'll celebrate his birthday with a variety of his best recordings.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'
(Roots) 6-8am
Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and the lovely Andrea Berman.
pacificpickin@yahoo.com

GIVE 'EM THE BOOT
(World) 8-9:30am
Sample the various flavours of Italian folk music. Una programma bilingue che esplora il mondo della musica folk italiana.

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM
(Rock) 9:30-11:30am
Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Deadlier than the most dangerous criminals!
borninsixtynine@hotmail.com

MORNING AFTER SHOW
(Eclectic) 11:30am-1pm
An eclectic mix of Canadian indie with rock, experimental, world, reggae, punk and ska from Canada, Latin America and Europe. The Morning After Show has local bands playing live on The Morning After Sessions.

LAUGH TRACKS
(Talk) 1-2pm
Laugh Tracks is a show about comedy. Kliph Nesteroff, from the 'zine Generation Exploitation, hosts.
generationexploit@yahoo.com, musicalboot@yahoo.ca

WINGS
(Talk) 2-2:30pm

REEL TO REAL
(Talk) 2:30-3pm
Movie reviews and criticism.

NATIVE SOLIDARITY NEWS
(Talk) 3-4pm
A national radio service and part of an international network of information and action in support of indigenous peoples' survival and dignity.

RADIO FREETHINKER
(Talk) 4-4:30pm
Promoting skepticism, critical thinking and science, we examine popular extraordinary claims and subject them to critical analysis. The real world is a beautiful and fascinating place and we want people to see it through the lens of reality as opposed to superstition.

WENER'S BARBEQUE
(Sports) 4:30-6pm
Daryl Wener talks about the world of sports. Everything from the Canucks to the World Rock Paper Scissors Championship.
ethanwener@hotmail.com

FLEX YOUR HEAD
(Hardcore) 6-8pm
Punk rock and hardcore since 1989. Bands and guests from around the world.

LIFE ON JUMPSTREET
(Dance) 8-9pm

CRIMES & TREASONS
(Hip-hop) 9-11pm
crimesandtreasons@gmail.com

CABARADIO
(Talk) 11pm-12am
For the world of Cabaret. Tune in for interviews, skits, musical guests and more. It's Radio with sass!

WEDNESDAY

SUBURBAN JUNGLE
(Eclectic) 8-10am
Live from the Jungle Room, join radio host Jack Velvet for an eclectic mix of music, sound bites, information and inanity. Not to be missed!
dj@jackvelvet.net

CITR PROGRAM GUIDE

POP DRONES

(Eclectic) 10-11:30am

ANOIZE

(Noise) 11:30am-1pm
An hour and a half of avant-rock, noise, plunderphonic, psychedelic, and outsider aspects of audio. An experience for those who want to be educated and EArRitated.
lukemeat@hotmail.com

THE GREEN MAJORITY

(Talk) 1-2pm
Canada's only environmental news hour, syndicated by CIUT 89.5 FM Toronto or www.greenmajority.ca.

DEMOCRACY NOW

(Talk) 2-3pm

RUMBLESTONE RADIO

A GO GO
(Rock) 3-5pm
Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

ARTS REPORT

(Talk) 5-6pm

AUDIOTEXT

(Talk) 6-6:30pm
The juiciest Canadian writing: poetry readings, author interviews, short stories, spoken word, etc.

SAMSQUANTCH'S

HIDEAWAY
(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
Alternating Wednesdays
All-Canadian music with a focus on indie-rock/pop.
amitabinder@hotmail.com

THE CANADIAN WAY

(Eclectic) 6:30-8pm
Alternating Wednesdays

FOLK OASIS

(Roots) 8-10pm
Two hours of eclectic folk/roots music, with a big emphasis on our local scene. C'mon in! A kumbaya-free zone since 1997.
folkaoasis@gmail.com

SEXY IN VAN CITY

(Talk) 10-11PM
Your weekly dose of education and entertainment in the realm of relationships and sexuality.
sexyinvancity.com/category/

sexy-in-vancity-radio

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR
(Hans Kloss) 11pm-1am
Pretty much the best thing on radio.

THURSDAY

END OF THE WORLD NEWS
(Talk) 8-10am

SWEET AND HOT

(Jazz) 10am-12pm
Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s, '30s and '40s.

DUNCAN'S DONUTS

(Eclectic) 12-1pm
Sweet treats from the pop underground. Hosted by Duncan, sponsored by donuts.
duncansdonuts.wordpress.com

WE ALL FALL DOWN

(Eclectic) 1-2pm
Punk rock, indie pop and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.
www.weallfalldowncitr.blogspot.ca

INK STUDS

(Talk) 2-3pm
Underground and indie comix. Each week, we interview a different creator to get their unique perspective on comix and discuss their upcoming works.

FRENCH CONNECTION

(World) 3:30-5pm
French language and music.

CAFE RADIO

(World) 5-6pm
Iranian talk and music syndicated from CJSF Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C.

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT

(Rock) 6-7:30pm
Psychedelic, acid punk, freakbeat, prog and other grotesque and socially relevant artifacts from 1965 to today, with an emphasis on Vancouver's freak flag with pride.
www.myspace.com/stereoscopicredoubt

EXQUISITE CORPSE

(Experimental) 7:30-9pm
Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.
artcorpse@yahoo.com

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD

RADIO HELL
(Live Music) 9-11pm
Featuring live band(s) every week performing in the CITR Lounge. Most are from Vancouver, but sometimes bands from across the country and around the world.

HYPNOTIC GROOVE

(Techno) 11pm-12am

AURAL TENTACLES

(Eclectic) 12-6am
It could be global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.
auraltentacles@hotmail.com

FRIDAY

SYNCHRONICITY

(Talk) 9-10am
Join host Marie B and discuss spirituality, health and feeling good. Tune in and tap into good vibrations that help you remember why you're here: to have fun! This is not your average spirituality show.

SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE

(Ska) 10am-12pm
Canada's longest running Ska radio program.
djska_t@hotmail.com

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

(Hip-hop) 12-1pm
Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes underground hip-hop, old school classics, and original breaks.
beatstreet@telus.net

RADIO ZERO

(Dance) 2-3:30pm
An international mix of super-fresh weekend party jams from new-wave to foreign electro, baile, Bollywood and whatever else.
www.radiozero.com
NARDUWAR

(Narduar) 3:30-5pm

Join Narduar the Human Serviette for Clam Chowder flavoured entertainment. Doot doola doot doo...doot doo!
narduar@narduar.com

NEWS 101

(Talk) 5-6pm

HOT MESS

(Eclectic) 6-7:30pm

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

(Eclectic) 7:30-9pm

RAINBOW GROOVE

(Dance) 9-10:30pm

SHAKE A TAIL FEATHER

(Soul/R&B) 10:30-12am
The finest in classic soul and rhythm & blues from the late '50s to the early '70s, including lesser known artists, regional hits and lost soul gems.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES

(Eclectic) 12-2am
Beats mixed with audio from old films and clips from the Internet.

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

(Industrial) 2-4am
Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Industrial, goth and a touch of metal too. Blog: <http://thevampiresball.blogspot.com>.
thevampiresball@gmail.com

SATURDAY

THE SATURDAY EDGE

(Roots) 8am-12pm
A personal guide to world & roots music—with African, Latin and European music in the first half, followed by Celtic, blues, songwriters, Cajun and whatever else fits!
stevedge3@mac.com

GENERATION ANIHILATION

(Punk) 12-1pm
A fine mix of streetpunk and old-school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers and social commentary.
crashnburnradio@yahoo.ca

POWER CHORD

(Metal) 1-3pm
Vancouver's longest running metal show. If you're into music that's on the heavier/darker side of the spectrum, then you'll like it. Sonic assault provided by Geoff the Metal Pimp.

CODE BLUE

(Roots) 3-5pm
From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.
codeblue@buddy-system.org

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

(World) 5-6pm
The best of mix of Latin American music.
leoramirez@canada.com

NASHA VOLNA

(World) 6-7pm
News, arts, entertainment and music for the Russian community, local and abroad.
nashavolna.ca

SHADOW JUGGLERS

(Dance/Electronic) 7-9pm
Broaden your musical knowledge with DJs MP, Socool, Soo & their guests. Working across music genres including electronic and club-based music.
shadowjugglers@hotmail.com

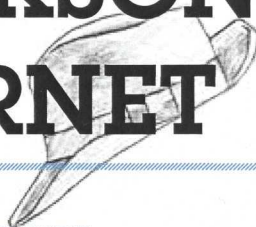
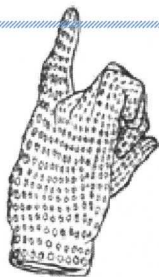
SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

(Dance/Electronic/Eclectic) 9-11pm
If you like everything from electro/techno/trance/8-bit music/retro '80s this is the show for you!
www.synapticsandwich.net

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT

(Hip-hop) 11pm-1am
Hosted by J-Boogie and Joelboy. The latest tracks, classics, rare and obscure, current events and special features of peeps coming into the studio. Listeners can expect to be entertained...church.
klymkwi@gmail.com

MICHAEL JACKSON ON THE INTERNET



Since Michael Jackson's untimely death, the Internet has been flourishing with creativity inspired by the pop star. The online MJ sea, however, is a large and overwhelming place, littered with many low quality video and photo montages. Yet, there certainly are some gems too!

by Alex McCarter

Remixes

Thousands of Jackson remixes are floating around in many different styles, but these three are worth the effort:

1. Telemity's "Smooth Criminal"

(<http://www.welikeitindie.com/music/mj4.mp3>)

A well done electro mix was made by a lesser known electronic group from Tennessee called Telemity. The group has turned Jackson's classic, "Smooth Criminal," into a more powerful, bass-laden version with catchy synth trills.

2. The Hood Internet's "Billie 'Wildcat' Jean"

(<http://www.thehoodinternet.com/2009/06/michael-jackson-vs-ratatat.mp3>)

One of the most popular remixes is a mash-up of "Billie Jean" with the Ratatat classic "Wildcat." This mix boasts a whopping 661 hearts on the music blog aggregator Hype Machine (www.hypem.com). Take a listen and you will be busting out moves in no time (then load them on to never ending moonwalk, see below).

3. DJ Z-Trip's "I Want You Back"

(<http://www.kickinthepeanuts.com/music/jacksonsiwantyoubackztrip.mp3>)

This remix takes the framework of the classic Jackson 5 song "I Want You Back," but gives it a catchy modern twist. This is hard to master, yet DJ Z-Trip does just that.

A Never Ending Moonwalk Tribute

(<http://www.eternalmoonwalk.com>)

MJ may have passed away, but this does not mean that his dance style ever will. One of the best tribute sites, Eternal Moonwalk takes this literally. People from around the world send in their moonwalk, which is then added to a flow of others. Each one is numbered, giving the visitor an idea of the number of people have uploaded the dance (thousands). Jackson's original moves are an obvious first "submission," and after this, the dances continue in random order. So send one in or simply be amused by the many interpretations of the moon walk, including a few fans who seem to think of it as a high-kneed backward march.

Warning: Theme music is repetitive, you might want to put it on mute.

Michael Jackson Art Compilation

(<http://www.vvork.com/?m=200906>)

Jackson's bizarre and eccentric character easily spawned odd ideas. Vvork, a contemporary art blog from Southern Germany began to compile the lots of Jackson related art soon after his passing. Adding multiple works every day, site visitors are able to see the huge range of art the pop star inspired, including a personal Jackson Pollock-esque painting done by MJ and one of his good friends, Macaulay Culkin. Another highlight is a golden

plaster sculpture by American artist Jeff Koons in 1988. It features an '80s Jackson and his pet chimp Bubbles nestled on his knee. More modern versions of the work can also be found. As a bonus, links to each artist are provided, should you be curious about specific pieces.

International Jackson Lookalikes: A Photo Essay

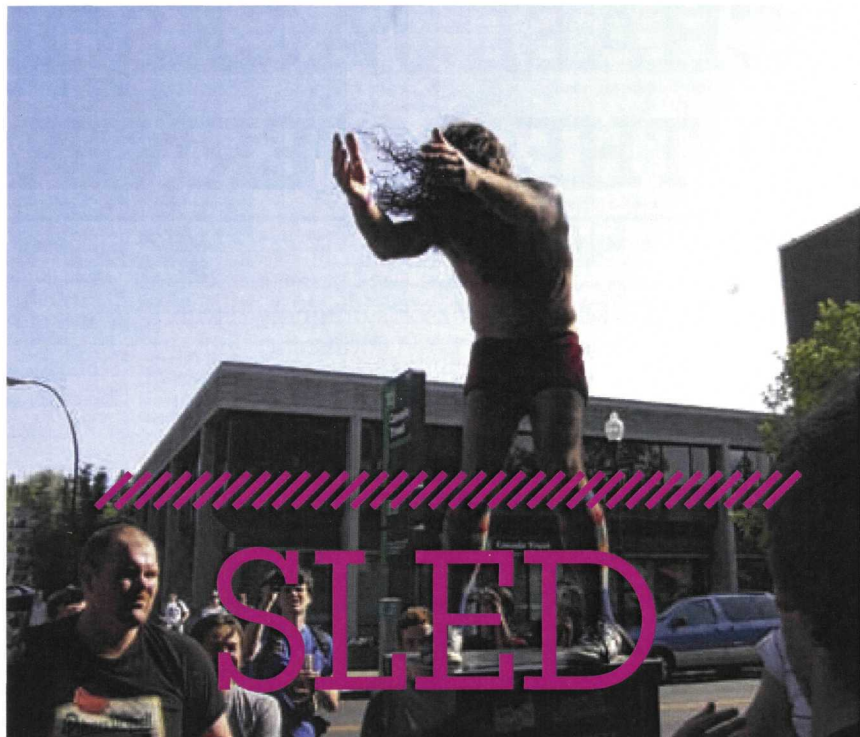
(<http://www.guardian.co.uk/music/gallery/2009/jun/26/michael-jackson-lookalikes?picture=349436980>)

Jackson's style and morphing face was not exactly trend setting in his later years. Yet, after his death, many impersonators cropped up to show their best Michael face to the world. Interestingly, in this photo essay, which was put together by the U.K. newspaper the Guardian (www.guardian.co.uk), people from China to L.A. to Mexico City and beyond, all choose to imitate the later-in-life, paler Jackson.



art by Josh Tran

Monotonix at Tubby Dogg



ISLAND

Calgary June 25-27

Reviews by Quinn Omori and Leanna Orr

photos by Quinn Omori

Sled Island is one of the best music festivals in Canada. A number of Vancouverites made the journey inland to see it and among them were three of our reporters. Check out what they saw and their interview with festival curator and Wire frontman, Colin Newman.

Thursday, June 25

Japandroids at the Royal Canadian Legion #1

Coming from Vancouver, I already knew what Japandroids were capable of live, but after all the dust that Pitchfork kicked up had settled, it was intriguing to see just what kind of crowd would greet Brian King and Dave Prowse after playing last year's festival to a handful of show goers. This time around, they almost filled Sled Island's largest indoor venue, performing to a crowd that was intent on shouting all the words to songs like "Sovereignty" and "Young Hearts Spark Fire" back at the duo.

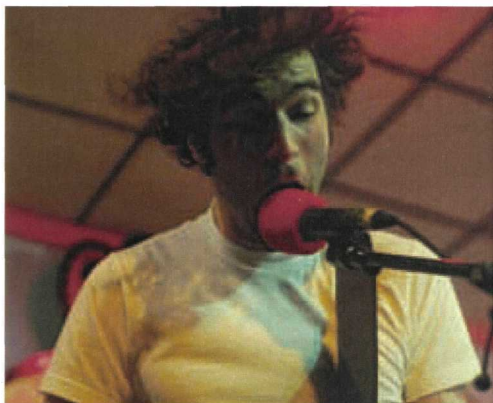
Mount Eerie at the Central United Church

The music of Sled Island ran the gamut from Final Fantasy to Andrew W.K. In spite of this diversity and the volume of shows, Mount Eerie's performance achieved singularity. It was, in my experience, the only show that bordered on spiritual. The stunning Central United Church provided echoing acoustics and an impressive venue for the moving lo-fi performance. Sitting in pews felt appropriate. On stage, Anacortes resident Phil Elverum exhibited awkward candour and endearing sincerity. His show was a charming juxtaposition. The music was gentle and poignant, punctuated with self-conscious questions to the audience about set length. Then, in contrast, he cracked jokes about the death of Michael Jackson—which happened the day of the show—which were met at first with discomfort from the audience, followed closely by laughter and relief.

"So I hear Michael Jackson died. It's about time. It's a relief, merciful, really. This one's for him," he ventured. With that, Elverum once again began to play, and offered touching, intimate music fit for both an elegy and a church.

King Khan & BBQ at the Royal Canadian Legion #1

"This show could never happen in Vancouver!" Pro-Fun City chief Kalin Harvey shouted at me during the raucous King Khan & BBQ show in the packed upper room of the Legion downtown. King Khan & BBQ set up and played on the floor with wavering stacks of amps as their only protection from the heaving crowd. In a style decidedly un-Monotonix, [ed. if you don't know what that means skip ahead and read the Monotonix review] Khan voiced his discomfort at the prospect of the "stage" becoming overrun by the audience. With a group that rowdy, however, I would have been wary, too. Typical of Khan & BBQ performances, they played almost every song from their eponymous album. "Waddlin' Around" was one of the best, and I will confess to waddling along as I danced atop a speaker. Unfortunately what is also typical of Khan was the liberal use of backing tracks to support the live show. Although this ensured consistency with the album and allowed the crowd their enthusiastic sing-along, the result was a little



Japandroids

"This show could never happen in Vancouver!" —Kalin Harvey



King Khan



Puberty

artificial after the festival's many impressive live performances. I will, however, venture to say that not a single person left disappointed, including the volunteers who were crowd surfing as a means of transportation. Overly loud, over capacity and with people standing on every surface, the show was a treat for any visiting Vancouverite, and a nightmare for any bylaw officer.

Coathangers at the Tiki Room

Apparently, earlier in the day, this Atlanta quartet's set went off the rails after the ladies took offense when a heckler let everyone know that he'd like them to lift their shirts up. At the Tiki Room, the boys in the audience were more gentlemanly, letting the band focus on delivering a set of rambunctious post-punk that sounded like Bratmobile doing a reading of a "Fairytale in the Supermarket."



Friday June 26

Monotonix at Tubby Dogg

Monotonix have songs. I've heard them. They've got verses and choruses and audible lyrics. At least, they do on record. Live, the band pumps out the same riffs over the same back beat for an hour straight. Of course, it's hard to notice the musical redundancy when those "songs" are sound tracking what can only be described as complete chaos. The Israeli rockers started off crammed into a notorious Calgary hot dog joint, but rewarded the sizable crowd that had gathered outside the tiny "venue" by dragging their gear outside to play on the sidewalk. I can say, with confidence, that it's the first time I've seen someone stagedive off of a mailbox.



the Coathangers

It's the first time I've seen someone stagedive off of a mailbox.

HEALTH at the Marquee

With the release of last year's remix album, HEALTH Disco, HEALTH solidified a fact that they hinted at on their self-titled debut: they can't seem to decide if they want to be a noise band or a dance act. Happily, the resulting schizophrenia of skittering beats and cacophonous blasts of sound is heaven for anyone who has trouble deciding between "weird punk" and Daft Punk. Coupling that unique combination with the L.A. band's boundless live energy made this one of the highlights of the entire festival.

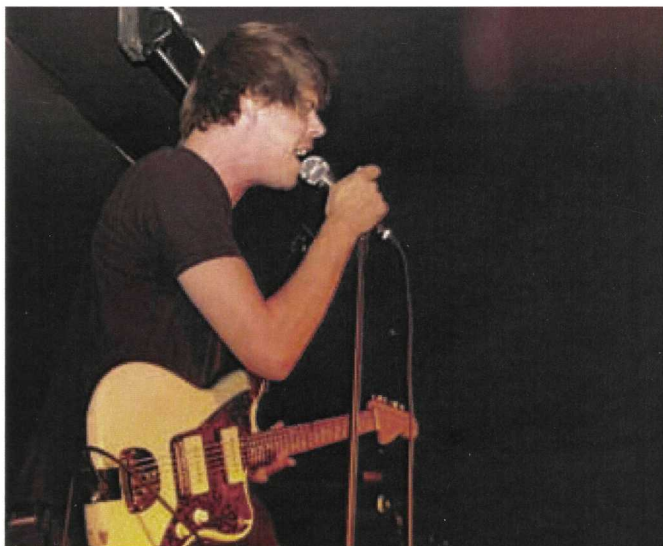
Saturday June 27

Githead at Local 510

If you've heard of Githead, it's probably because they share their singer/guitarist, Colin Newman, with a little band called Wire. In addition to Newman's vocals, both bands share a less-is-more approach to songwriting. But while Wire's compositions are economically cold and calculated, Githead opens things up to warmer textures that, during this early afternoon show, helped shake off the hangover caused by the previous night. Apparently, the festival organizers are keen on having more of these afternoon showcases next year, which is a welcome addition, especially if the bands that play early are this good.

Liars at Dicken's

There's something about Liars that doesn't suit a large stage, but while their claustrophobic guitars and tribal beats were a bit lost when they played the mainstage earlier in the evening, they sounded right at home on the tiny stage at Dicken's. The band stuck mostly to the post lineup change part of their catalogue, splitting the difference between their punky latest, the droney tunes from *Drums Not Dead*, and the witching hour anthems from *They Were Wrong, So We Drowned*, throwing in one treat for their oldest fans—a rare performance of "Loose Nights on the Veladrome."



Liars



Women

WIRE FRONTMAN
COLIN
NEWMAN
ANSWERS A
FEW QUESTIONS
ABOUT SLED
ISLAND

art by Jamie Ward

by Quinn Omori and Al Smith

Following the legendary performance by post-punk group Wire

at Sled Island 2008, Colin Newman returned as the festival's curator in 2009 in addition to performing with his other band, Githead.

We sat down with Newman behind Calgary's Warehouse club to talk about Sled Island's coming of age as a major music festival.

Then he introduced us to his wife and gave us chocolate! What a guy. Anyway, this is that:

Discorder: We were wondering about your involvement with Sled Island. How did that come about? Obviously Wire played the festival last year...

Colin Newman: That was pretty much what happened! Wire played Sled Island [2008] and out of the gigs we played last year, it was the most memorable—the Legion show, anyhow. It's just the energy of the city, really. The event itself is just completely crazy. It's without any real logic—way too much stuff going on, all at the wrong time, it's too loud, it's too hot, it's too everything—but that's kind of how a festival should be, really. There was something I really liked about it, although I do have some criticisms. Anyway, there was a thing at the Palomino bar on the Sunday last year, and Zak [Pashak, the 2008 Sled Island organizer] kind of sidled up to me and said, "Um, do you want to be our curator next year?" And I was like, "Are you sure?" And he said, "Yeah!" And then I got formally invited a couple of months later. So I came and spent a week here in April with Malka [Spiegel, Newman's wife and Githead bandmate who is also a founding member of 1980s Israeli post-punk band Minimal Compact], and just took on a lot of how people think here—what the problems are, what the festival needs to develop, just where the whole thing was going. I think it's worked out quite well, and I think that the third year is the year that it starts to really establish itself as something more than a city festival of Calgary. It's starting to take on a greater significance, certainly within Canada. And it is gaining some national attention. You know Q on CBC? I did a bit on Sled Island with them, kind of just talked it up a bit. Made him [the CBC's Jian Ghomeshi] look slightly foolish because he didn't know who Women were! I didn't do it on purpose, but if you're supposed to know about music... [Listen to the podcast here: http://podcast.cbc.ca/mp3/qpodcast_20090624_17431.mp3. Newman lays the smack down at 11 minutes and 30 seconds.]

D: Did you have any preconceptions of Calgary? Coming from other parts of Canada, we tend to be like, "Oh God, Cowtown."

CN: Well, we didn't even have that. I'd never even heard of it. Actually, Margaret [Fiedler, formerly of Laika and current Wire guitarist] had her post-wedding-reception in Banff, and she had been through Calgary, so we knew a little bit about it. Certainly not any sort of judgmental thing about where it stands in the level of... whatever... in Canada. But, um... yeah, it's in the middle of fucking nowhere!

D: But it has this whole culture of the macho, cowboy, oil-baron...

CN: Of course, but there are so many people here

who feel different to that. There's a hunger—people really want to get on board [with Sled Island] and be represented.

D: That's kind of what we noticed last year—we came in thinking that we would watch the bands and kind of keep to ourselves, but then there were all these people...

CN: Yeah, I think it's an effort worth making. It's becoming a destination festival. The city tourism office is prepared to help them now, as a cultural event. And that's the other thing that's really important to me: it's never sold as a rock festival because it isn't just a rock festival. There are a lot of good bands on, and some bands you've never heard of, and some crap bands as well. But there's also a load of other stuff going on all at once, and as the festival goes on, that will only grow. It is a cultural festival. And I think that within the context of Calgary, that's very important, so that the rest of Canada can get an inkling of what's going on.

D: Have you seen many of the shows so far?

CN: I went to the Factory party last night. Did you go to that? It was... inexplicable! They'd taken every space they could and stuffed something into it—art, cinema, bands, DJs. It was very hot, full of really young kids, all very dressed up. It had that energy to it, like a community discovering itself. We were supposed to judge a dance competition and turned up at 11 p.m., but nothing had happened by half past 12 so we went back to the hotel room! If I was still 20, I would have been up all night. Another interesting thing is that most of these places are not really venues. I think that's another thing

that's great here: the co-opting of different spaces. It's really quite important.

D: Since you're presenting this evening's show at the Warehouse, can we talk a little about that? Did you personally pick all of the bands? And why did you choose them?

CN: Just picked the five coolest bands. Or the four coolest, and us! Any festival, anywhere in the world, that put on a room with those bands in it, would be guaranteed to get attention. You've got Holy Fuck, who are just one of the most wildly talented bands out there—especially in Britain right now, they are the name to drop. HEALTH, who are in a similar position from that L.A. scene; you've got [Githead], whatever that means; you've got Women, who have done Calgary very proud, without even anyone knowing they're from Calgary. When they played in London, they got pick of the week in Time Out [ed. *Your critical guide to arts, culture and going out in London*]. And we got the Sub-Linguals, who are a local band that we discovered in April who play extremely raw rock, and I think probably could succeed in other places besides Calgary. So I think it's good to have them on that stage. I think it's a good lineup, yeah.

Githead photographed by Quinn Omori



Under Review:

Adriane Lak / Black Mold / David Bazan / Dan Mangan / Howling Bells / Pissed Jeans / Shaunn Watt / manoeuvres 3 / Vancouver's Punk As Fuck Vol.2

Adriane Lak
Morning Glow
(Mineral Music)

Adriane Lake's website describes her music as "adorkable indie female electronica," a label that, regrettably, fits perfectly. The whimsy is laid on thick on *Morning Glow*, most of which is made up of bubblegum vocal harmonies and quirky, life-affirming lyrics that are a little too cutesy to be enjoyable. It's a shame, since Lake herself comes off as pleasantly likable and who consistently offers bubbling positivity and unabashed romanticism. But a song like "Cadillac Cat" is too sugary for its own good, featuring meowing sound effects and a chorus that includes the lyric "A Cadillac cat / Where it's at / A kitty cutie kooky cat." Elsewhere, Lake tends to repeat the title lyric ad nauseum (see: "So Beautiful" and "The Fullness of Life"). These candy-coated sentiments are set against a backdrop of squiggly synths and dense, syncopated beats—this helps to reduce the sweetness somewhat, but not enough to make it palatable.

The two best songs on the album are the instrumental tracks, which place the full focus on Lake's lush electronic arrangements. The vaguely Parisian "Jacques Cousteau" sets a dreamy accordion waltz against burbling synthesizers and fluttering percussion, while "Lost Umbrella" features haunting piano arpeggios and harp flourishes. These tracks show that Lake is a talented producer and arranger, despite being hampered by her syrupy songwriting.
—Alex Hudson

Black Mold
Snow Blindness is Crystal Antz
(Flemish Eye Records)

Snow Blindness is Crystal Antz is the first collection of songs released by Black Mold, the glitch underbelly of

singer/songwriter **Chad VanGaal**. The album is a collection of experiments with noise that differ greatly from the sweet pop songs that VanGaal is best known for. The bleeps and bleeps of circuit bending are combined with electronic beats to create a collection of songs that could have very well been written by R2-D2 himself!

While a majority of the tracks on *Snow Blindness* would be best suited for a droid make-out party, the album isn't entirely self-indulgent arty fluff from some hack electrician. VanGaal's strength as a songwriter and composer really comes through as he manages to create viable rhythm and melody out of an array of quirky noises. Combined with his playfulness and pop sensibilities, the sweet melodies of "Metal Spider Webs" or the bouncing beats of "Memes" sound strangely enjoyable. But aside from the odd accessible gem, most of the album sounds like lullabies for video game fanatics.

Black Mold is an ambitious and creative effort, but it is definitely not for everyone. Fans of the genre are sure to hail *Snow Blindness* as a masterpiece, while new listeners will probably just think their CD or MP3 player is on the fritz.

—Mark Paulhus

David Bazan
Curse Your Branches
(Barsuk)

Curse Your Branches is the full length solo debut from David Bazan, the Seattle-based singer-songwriter best known as the driving force behind the now-defunct **Pedro the Lion**, who are known for their melodic, down-tempo pop rock and poignant lyrics. Since Pedro the Lion was really less of a band and more of a creative outlet for

Bazan (who was also the only permanent member), it's not surprising that *Curse Your Branches* isn't too much of a departure from his earlier work. Here, Bazan is still strumming an acoustic guitar and singing earnestly, mostly about matters of faith and religion. *Curse Your Branches* begins at the beginning—as in, the Book of Genesis. When Bazan sings the story of Adam and Eve on opener "Hard to Be," he sets up a recurring theme for the album since many of these songs deal with the Fall (think **Milton**, not **Mark E. Smith**).

If you are a fan of Pedro the Lion (and/or Bazan's synth pop side project **Headphones**), there's no reason you won't enjoy this. But for the uninitiated, Bazan's droning voice over slow folksy pop can be a bit much. The word "plodding" comes to mind. Still, Bazan is undoubtedly a talented songwriter and he manages to write thoughtfully about faith while never preaching. The closest he comes to sermonizing is on the upbeat rocker "Bearing Witness," but it doesn't hurt that the song has the most memorable melody on the album and injects some energy into a largely lifeless release.

—Dan Fumano

Dan Mangan
Nice, Nice, Very Nice
(File Under Music)

Dan Mangan is a heck of a talented guy. His poignant few frills approach to songwriting is refreshing and the songs he produces sit so comfortably. They are easy to sing along to and have a habit of winding their way into the consciousness and staying there. This feeling continues on his sophomore release, *Nice, Nice, Very Nice* and doesn't stop until long after the music is over. There is something so very real about the way he spins his

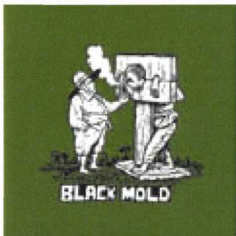
observational tales through use of his signature graveled voice, simple wordplay and unpretentious song structure. Take for example the ridiculously catchy foot tapper and album opener, "Road Regrets," a song about being on the road for long stretches and finding peace and humour in it. "Robots," easily the best song on the album, is a fun little tale of a five day stint spent without cell phone service.

Accompanying the lyrics for each song is a sentence or two that acts as an explanation or meditation—a nice little bonus to visualize as you lose yourself in the thickness of his voice and pretty guitar chords. With some of his strongest work to date and an already large fan-base, *Nice, Nice, Very Nice* could very well be the album that solidifies Mangan as the standout artist he is.

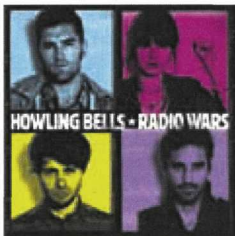
—Nate Pike

Howling Bells
Radio Wars
(Nettwerk)

There are certain expectations that come along with using the word "howling" in your band name, none of which are fulfilled by Aussie four-piece Howling Bells. This isn't to say that *Radio Wars* is a bad album—it features plenty of bouncy, vaguely atmospheric pop rock songs that fall somewhere between the chiming guitar leads of '90s Britpop and the buzzy synth-rock of **Metric**. Vocalist Juanita Stein is, in particular, a dead ringer for **Emily Haines**, and spends most of the collection sounding like she's trying to recreate *Old World Underground*, *Where Are You Now?* She almost succeeds, but the tunes are hampered by her often heavy-handed lyrics. "Golden Web" drives its man-as-spider metaphor into the ground, while opener "Treasure Hunt" features



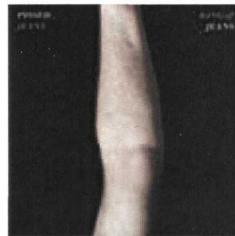
BLACK MOLD



HOWLING BELLS



DAN MANGAN



PISSED JEANS

the pompous group-sung refrain "We are the watchtowers / We are the light that emanates / We are the key that fits / We are the world that radiates."

Howling Bells are best when at their least affected. "Ms. Bell's Song" is a refreshingly straightforward mid-tempo acoustic strummer with chord changes that subtly shift the mood from dark to light. The album finishes with a secret track placed four minutes after the final song ends ('90s style, back when people listened to CDs!). It's unclear why it was relegated to an afterthought since the song features a hypnotic electro groove and Stein's most poignantly bleak lyrics, "It's another lonely Monday." Howling Bells would be well served to always follow this blueprint of simplicity.

—Alex Hudson

Pissed Jeans

King of Jeans
(Sub Pop)

Sure, this music has its qualities, though they're pretty hard to detect after the first listen, and maybe even harder after a further ten listens. This is the kind of music you spent your early teens pogoing to—smashed off your face in the middle of the trashy, grim-fuelled rock club of your hometown. So drunk, that you no longer care, can no longer dance, or even see straight for that matter. And of course, you have no interest in good music. You just want to get wasted! If it serves no other purpose, this is a great album to have a sweaty work-out to. As in, work out the sweat, work out that deep lurking primal angst and work out those god damn demons while you're at it. *King of Jeans* is your archetypal dark, grunge rock album. You'll barely be able to hear the lyrics, but you'll be too busy thrashing and doing high kicks off your couch

to actually notice. When the singer isn't droning and making little to no sense with his tuneless reverberating wails, he occasionally sounds a little like Nick Cave doing a soliloquy for *Grinderman*. At other high points, one might think they detect the alcohol imbibed vocals of Mark E. Smith. Big swooping rock guitars, combined with thrashing cymbals and banging, crashing drums. All this topped off with a singer who sounds like he's half drunk, half dead, or perhaps, like he's pissed his jeans and he's super mad.

—Amy Scott-Samuel

Shaunn Watt

Adyn
(Independent)

Is being a sincere and seemingly good-hearted person worth anything in the music business nowadays? Of course it is all about the music, but is music really worthwhile if the artist has simply recorded it just to hear the sound of his or her own voice? Clearly this is not the case with Vancouver recording artist Shaunn Watt. *Adyn* is a collection of pretty understated folk-pop songs collected over the past two years. They are tiny little snapshots of the people, places and things that move him, each carrying an undercurrent of devotion and thanksgiving to these individual moving forces. The CD opens perfectly with the sounds of birds singing and a child's voice followed by the clean crisp sounds of a guitar and Watt's sweet voice launching into "Your Garden." And then there is my personal favorite, "Take Me With You," which again, is bare, honest and revealing. It's this naked simple delivery that acts as theme for this album. Guitar, voice, overdubs and a bit of back-up instrumentation is what you get and it works really well. Sometimes stories about the

ones we love require little else in the telling, and that is what Watt has done here—and quite effectively at that.

—Nate Pike

Various Artists

manoeuvres 3 - a collection of bc electronica (So Called Recordings)

Who knew beautiful British Columbia had so much talent in the catch-all realm of electronica? *manoeuvres 3* offers a nice cross-section of the genre: from blippy IDM gone wrong to distorted electro dance rock, to acid flavoured techno.

Sinewave contributes a song awash in lush, Air-reminiscent ambience. It's a dreamy beach scene with a sonic tide rolling in with a nice groove of a beat on top and some massive atmospheric (or underwater) reverbed aural texture. **Michael Red's** "Top Score" is just plain fun. An offbeat pumping bass line, selective percussion and a catchy 8-bit melody tastes like old school Nintendo married to an analog synthesizer. Simple and sparse, the **Lighta!** crew heavy hitter puts smiles on faces with this track.

The closing track, "Rose Black's Shadow" by **Elonious Funk**, is a choice pick with haunting '40s horror radio-theatre strings and chilling female vocal samples served on top of a hip-hop beat, imbued with an unpredictably stuttered groove with plenty of triplets.

The overall selection is varied but high in quality and sonically diverse. The variation of sound from track to track might prevent it from being the CD to just hit play at your next electronica-friendly hang out session, but So Called Recordings has done a nice job in giving the public a taste of what's available from beautiful B.C. in the ever-morphing wide expanse of electronica.

—Adam Mannegren

Various Artists

Vancouver's Punk As Fuck Vol.2
(Independent)

Vancouver's Punk as Fuck is back for another round and this time the compilation is bigger, better and stronger! Volume 2 is packed with 30 hard-hitting blasts from some of Vancouver's most notorious punk bands. This round *VPAF* comes out swinging—the first track a direct upper cut from the fine-tuned street punk outfit **the Rebel Spell**. With the pace set, the hits come hard and fast, pummeling the listener with a barrage of bell ringing punk rock. The track list bobs and weaves through thrash, hardcore, skate, garage, crust, crossover and more, all without a second wasted. It's no holds barred, and *VPAF's* corner is stacked with the city's most dirty rotten punks; **China Creeps**, **Impeders of Progress**, **Golers**, **Mr. Plow**, **the Jolts** and a battalion more are on the card. This 66-minute title bout is fast, loud and deliberately offensive. It will knock you down and help you up, only to knock you down again. It will leave you bloody, sore and asking for more. It will knock you out with a toothless grin across your face, proving once again that Vancouver is still as "Punk as Fuck."

—Mark PaulHus



Sunset Rubdown photographed by Tamara Lee

REAL LIVE ACTION

Constantines
Ladyhawk
Lightning Dust
 June 16
 Lifetime Collective

This was an odd one. Flyers for the show advertised Ladyhawk, Lightning Dust and "very special guests." I didn't know what to expect going in—maybe a few extra members of Black Mountain. Instead, the crowd was treated to a full set by Guelph, Ontario's Constantines. Interesting venue, too—the event was hosted by the clothing shop Lifetime Collective in Mount Pleasant.

Black Mountain side project Lightning Dust kicked off the night, and were somewhat disappointing live. Vocalist Amber Webber relied heavily on a shuddering, Grace Slick vocal effect, which was hauntingly effective for darker songs, but it began to feel overused when the band shifted into more upbeat territory. Their performance was competent but not captivating, and the loud and uninterested crowd didn't help matters.

Ladyhawk was up next and they debuted quite a few new songs. With the exception of one song that seemed to take its inspiration from cheesy '80s metal, the new material sounded just like you'd expect: pummeling, grimy, sentimental bar-rock. They might be treading old ground, but when a band completely nails a sound you can't fault them too much for sticking with it.

The Constantines took the floor soon after, looking every bit as tired as you'd expect them to be near

the end of a long tour. Thankfully they didn't let exhaustion get in their way, and nearly every song was delivered with an intensity beyond their already raw studio recordings.

Near-perfect renditions of old favourites "Night-time/Anytime" and "Young Lions" finally shut most of the crowd up, and newer songs were done justice as well. The chugging bass-driven "Trans Canada" never sounded so menacing. A few songs with Steve Lambke on vocals were the low points of the set, but only because frontman Bryan Webb's husky growl is so much better in comparison.

If you missed this, don't worry too much—Lifetime Collective plans to host more shows like this. Good luck to them, though, because topping this one won't be easy.

—Reilly Wood

Andrew W.K.
The Evaporators
Vicious Cycles
 June 23
 Biltmore Cabaret

It would be hard to match the sheer joy of this particular night. The crowd sparkled with sweaty chests and the spray of beer in the air. All bands embodied fun with unbridled enthusiasm, shameless in their antics and lyrics. After a solid set by Vicious Cycles, the Evaporators showed their usual panache with a full set of props and costumes, theatrics and antics.

Nardwuar leapt into the crowd with frenetic maracas, then passed them off to an eager young attendee. The audience, wide-eyed and ready for anything, followed his cues, crouching down and popping up like a collective jack-in-the-box. In climax, Nardwuar donned a Canadian flag helmet and dove excitedly off the stage.

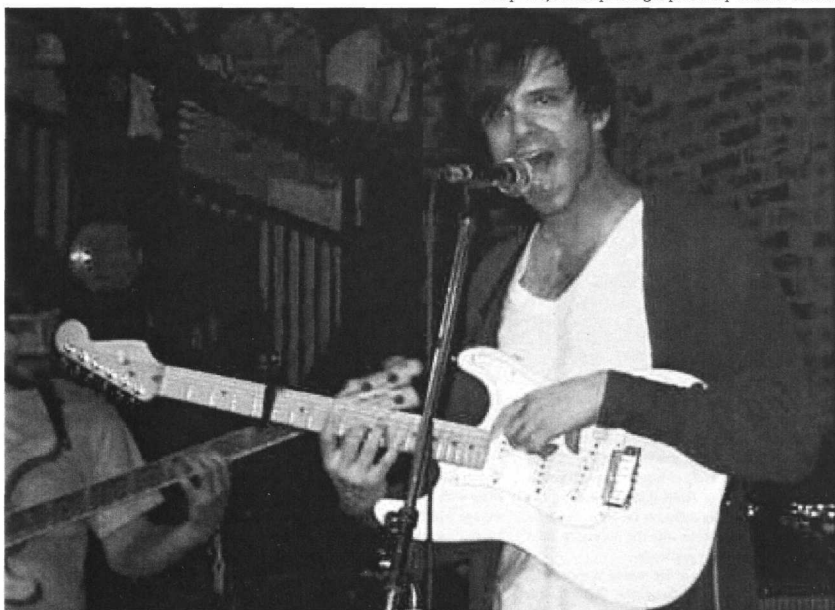
Andrew W.K. continued to fuel this energy, albeit with a younger and predominantly male crowd. A pervasive mildew smell originated from sweaty young men, Pabst beer droplets that misted the air and a flood the Biltmore had earlier that afternoon. Andrew W.K. gave the crowd exactly what was expected—an excuse to flail, spray beer, and yell, "It's time to party!" The bliss of the audience was palpable, and shirts were shed.

Andrew W.K., famous for partying and writing songs about partying, was indeed one big walking party. Lyrical highlights included "Let's get a party going" (from "Party Hard") and "we want to have fun and we want to get wasted" (from "We Want Fun").

Audience members were catapulted onto the stage, toppling equipment and grabbing hold of anything to slow their trajectory. Though Andrew W.K.'s voice boomed through the PA, it was impossible to spot him in the mess of churning bodies. The Evaporators/Andrew W.K. finale was delayed by trashed equipment—half an hour later, the evening came to a close with Wimpy from the Subhumans making a guest appearance. All this was in the name of recently released split 7" by W.K. and the Evaporators *A Wild Pear*. Give it a listen!

—Brenda Grunau

Dirty Projectors photographed by Nicole Ondre





Dirty Projectors photographed by Nicole Ondre

Collapsing Opposites**Fanshaw****Julianne Barwick****Tally Ho!****The Milkies**

June 26

Funky Winkerbeans

One day after the passing of the King of Pop, five bands put their mourning aside and took the stage at Funky Winkerbeans to celebrate the continuum of twee. The bar had a heavy air of somnolence as lone soldiers, obviously devastated by the loss of Michael, occupied most tables, many looking as though they had not showered or shaved in months.

The first band up was Tally Ho! This aptly named duo was charged with the task of warming up the crowd. Fortunately, they were up to the challenge with a newly expanded repertoire of songs, all featuring lush vocal harmonies and instrumental accompaniment that matched their country stripes and neck scarves. Brooklyn native Juliana Barwick followed up, playing what was her first-ever Canadian show. Barwick's effect-heavy looping vocals channeled the orcas of Howe Sound, haunting the patrons of Funky's like delirium tremens. Fanshaw followed this performance with the necessary indie grooves to reground the audience.

Before the headliners there was a surprise appearance by the birthday band, the Milkies, who

only perform on the occasion of a birthday. *[On this occasion, the birthday of illustrious CITR/Disorder alumnus Parmida Zarrinkamar. Hi Parm! -ed.]*

Collapsing Opposites was the last to play, and front man Ryan McCormick's experience shone through as he recited his monologues and soliloquies with a poignancy reminiscent of Jonathan Richman. Tactfully dealing with an interruption from a drunken navy veteran in the crowd, McCormick declared, "Congratulations, sir, on a completely successful life!" And congratulations to all the bands on a completely successful performance!

—Robert Fougere

Sunset Rubdown**Witchies****Elfin Saddle**

June 30

Richard's on Richards

It's not always easy being an old fart who has a love affair with strange music, being that some of this strange music can attract a rather large "too cool for you" hipster quotient. Like the music itself, these crowds can be a little intimidating for the uninitiated. But I had simply waited for too long to see Spencer Krug and his merry band play their oddball

carnival of music in a live setting, and no crowd of well-manicured younglings was going to sour this night.

You can count me as a new fan of Montreal three-piece Elfin Saddle who opened the show with turbulent and haunting Japanese-flavoured classical alt-folk. Sound different? You bet! Bowed-bass heavy and trance-inducing, Elfin Saddle transported you through time and space to a weird alternate universe where Shoguns invented punk with the use of singing saws, recorders and half accordions. Fantastic!

Unfortunately, I was distracted by Corona and conversation during Witchies set. Also from Montreal, Witchies sounded power poppy and meaty with distortion, offering whiffs of Lou Barlow or Dinosaur Jr. They definitely played hard and fast, which I can always get behind.

But this night belonged to Sunset Rubdown in all of their obtuse and lyrically ambiguous glory. Ringleader Spencer Krug was spirited and loose, his band was charged and the dense crowd was very receptive. Opening with "The Empty Threats of Little Lord," they were off to the races. Their set spanned the entirety of their recorded output but favoured the last three albums and relied more on the heavier songs, which seemed to please the crowd. After an hour and a bit, the band briefly left the stage, only to return for an excellent three-song encore that included "Us Ones In Between" and an amazing rendi-

REVIEWS

tion of "Dragon's Lair" from the new album. Then, with a wave and a "thank you," the band left the stage as the hipsters and I filed out into the warm June evening with wishes fulfilled and smiles on our lips—this was indeed a good night to be cool.

—Nathan Pike

Dirty Projectors

Richard's on Richards

July 2

This show wasn't originally on their tour, but it was added shortly after the Dirty Projectors played at the Malkin Bowl last May. Someone must have realized this was what Vancouver needed after counting the number of people who crowded the stage while Dirty Projectors was on and how many skipped out on the closing act, TV on the Radio, to go somewhere quiet and digest what they had heard.

Dirty Projector's leader, Dave Longstreth, has a reputation as an ambitious musician. Fans that have been following the band for years enjoy the sort of records that demand repeated listens to unpack all the pieces, and there those pieces were on stage: the baby-falling-asleep loveliness of "Two Doves," the west African style guitar picking in "Temulca Sunrise" that had been ghettoized to daylit folk festival stages for too many decades and the Mariah Carey high-school-bedroom-Walkman-fest-fueled vocal performance of Amber Coffman in "Stillness is a Move." It would be tragic if the studio was the only place where these components could be transformed into their labouriously constructed wholes.

Instead, the band members proved that the stage is where they belong, reproducing the complex arrangements with authority and grace. Escaping the traditional role of backup singers, the triple-female-vocal harmonies functioned as the lead instrument in most songs. The concrete intensity this adds to a live performance is hard to overstate, but I'll try: the interplay between their voices and Longstreth's impossibly personal lyrics caused your reviewer to have a nearly transcendent realization of the deep underlying and eternal beauty of every small episode in one's life, or at least, the one that happened that night at Richard's.

—Kalin Harvey

Frog Eyes

Chet

Victoria, Victoria!

July 11

Media Club

There was something for every taste and fancy on the bill on this Saturday night at the Media Club. Moving from the bittersweet indie pop of Victoria, Victoria! to the lonesome, atmospheric soul melodies of Chet and the visceral shrieks of Carey Mercer and his experimental quartet Frog Eyes, the evening granted listeners a bounty of musical (and



Sunset Rubdown photographed by Tamara Lee

in some cases, theatrical and mythological) performance, while also serving as an impressive show-piece of the diversity of the Vancouver/Victoria indie rock scene.

Opening the proceedings, a soft, laid-back 40-minute set by Chris, Johnny, Joe and Jonah of Victoria, Victoria! saw the group playing to warm appreciation despite a waning stage presence. The resulting effect on the crowd was obvious once Chet took the stage. Patrons chatted and seemed preoccupied and disinterested for the bulk of their set. The disconnection aside, Chet evoked a rusty, nostalgic soundscape thanks to the warbling vocals of Ryan Beattie, some soulful organ work and heavily reverberated guitar licks reminiscent of the Walkmen.

Finally it was time for the performance art portion of the show. Frog Eyes' frontman and centerpiece Carey Mercer, a force on stage, was the antithesis of the tranquil grace emitted by the evening's earlier acts. His mythology-based, manic and angst-ridden lyrical diatribes demand a fair bit of patience to fully absorb. Mercer guides his devout followers on a theatrical journey through the dark dimensions that are his lyrics, a journey as raucous and volatile as the performer himself. The songs are layered, unsettling collections of melodies resulting from a clashing of disharmonious sound elements. The reaction to Frog Eyes on this night seemed like wonderment bordering on confusion and unease—an uncomfortable and dangerous stew of sound and noise befitting a band with the complexity and intensity of Frog Eyes.

—Gavin Reid

Psychic Ills Indian Jewelry Solars

July 14

Little Mountain Studios

Little Mountain Studios: small, sweaty, under construction and perfect for this relatively underground lineup. I caught the end of Vancouver's Solars, so I can't say much more than that they were *loud*. As for Indian Jewelry, the interweb tells me that they are from Houston and that their sonics can cause seizures. If head-bobbing to sludgy industrial-esque stew means seizures in Texan talk, then seizures I had. Drawing on too many influences to mention, they reminded me of the first time I heard Barry Adamson. I knew I liked it—didn't really know what kind of music it was, but it was definitely sinister.

Unfortunately, the power in the building—which used to be a butcher shop—cut out for a while, eating into their already short set. [ed. This was *actually* due to someone stepping on the power cord and pulling it out of the unfortunately-placed wall outlet. Watch what you're doing, jerks!] Back up again for just half a song, and the crowd was again thrust into darkness with only a lonely drumbeat to latch onto. They called it quits. Check these guys out if they ever make it over the border again.

The Psychic Ills' latest album, *Mirror Eye*, hasn't received the best reviews (it's a poor follow-up to *Dins*), but their live show wasn't bad. Those into

drone with a Jackson Pollock splash of song structure were in luck: The quartet (although I could only see three from my vantage point) stopped about four times, which was the only indication that they had completed a song. To be honest, most of the set sounded like a jam or perhaps songs that the band knew but the audience didn't. These psychedelic devotees did manage to hypnotize me for a moment, living up to their name and generally pleasing the 80 or so people busting the seams of Little Mountain. Altogether, a complementary string of bands and pleased patrons made this a good show but not a triumph.

—Robert Robot

No Kids

Cryptacize

July 16

The Biltmore

"Do you know about Casiotone for the Painfully Alone?" the Biltmore doorman asked.

"Yeah, I know about Casiotone," I replied naively, assuming he was making small talk about the evening's headlining act.

"No, he was in a car crash and couldn't make it to the show."

Which posed a question: would the show go on without Mr. Ashworth? (who, the audience was assured, was thankfully okay) The answer was yes, thanks to scheduled openers Cryptacize and No Kids.

Jokingly welcoming the audience to "open mic night," No Kids' Nick Krgovich started off his band's set with a polished rendition of "Prisoner of Desire." New material and favourites like "For Halloween" even managed to get some traditionally immobile (and this evening sullen) Vancouverites to dance! No Kids set out doing what they do best: delivering nuanced grooves and slow-jams that sound as if they were written by your overeducated, Gen-X hipster cousin who's usually penning clever screenplays and witty reviews (or in Krgovich's case, the musical *In the Yard, Havin' Fun*). Along with new songs from a forthcoming full-length, Krgovich also introduced the ever-talented Rose Melberg as an additional member of the band, who went on to perform beautiful harmonies alongside him.

Speaking of beautiful, the soothing tones of Cryptacize's Nedelle Torrisi were the next to permeate the Biltmore's air. Despite the hardships caused by an impromptu sound check and its ensuing feedback problems, San Francisco's Cryptacize soldiered on, and, with just the right touch of reverb, delivered a set full of the confident, jangly and whimsical songs the band is known for, mostly coming from their new, more pop-focused album, *Mythomania*. The band succeeded in charming at least this writer (who also had the good fortune to see them play at the Media Club earlier this year), though perhaps not the thinning crowd who were somewhat apathetic due to Casiotone's cancellation. The band captivated at least a few other audience members, who clamoured for an encore after Cryptacize vacated

the stage.

Perhaps the ultimate triumph of the night was that the show *did go on*, despite its headliner's absence. A solemn air permeated both sets, with both bands mentioning Ashworth's accident, thanking the audience for attending despite it and with Cryptacize going so far as to dedicate a song "to Owen" (though this tribute's solemnity was dissipated by the audience and band members' playful laughter). Though a number of people up and left midway through (including several of this writer's friends—you guys suck), a sizeable crowd was still in attendance, proving that, yes, we all "knew" Casiotone, and yes, we knew we still wanted to have a good time.

—Sean Nelson

Destroyer

The Shilohs

Attics & Cellars

July 17

Biltmore Cabaret

Dan Bejar played a surprisingly good solo set as Destroyer at the Biltmore in spite of a loud, drunken audience. Accompanying himself with only an acoustic guitar, Bejar drew heavily on his back catalogue, including a good mix of old favourites such as "Beggars Might Ride" with his stronger new material like "Foam Hands."

Though Bejar is usually known more for his skills as a songwriter than a live performer, over the years he has gained confidence in his ability in front of an audience. Though he may never have the stage presence to rival legendary performers such as the oft-cited-Destroyer-mentor David Bowie or even New-Pornos bandmate Neko Case, the man can play a solid set. Bejar had a few tricks up his sleeve to win his audience over, such as playing a short cover of one of his greatest New Pornographers songs, "Streets of Fire," and pausing to take a request in the middle of the set.

For all his ability, there was no winning over some of the crowd, as there was a steady stream of bar room chatter throughout the set, which Bejar was unable to completely drown out with his guitar. This might have been accomplished if he had a full backing band, but in spite of that he still managed to elicit an *encore*, in which he closed the night with the classic from *Your Blues*, "Don't Become The Thing You Hated."

Faring a bit better with the crowd noise were the Shilohs who played a tight set that drew heavily on influences of '60s folk rock bands. They were easily the rockiest act of the night and turned quite a few heads during their set.

Attics & Cellars warmed the crowd up with some charming baroque pop incorporating cello and violins into every song. It sounded lovely and it was worth the effort of showing up on time just to see them.

—Jordie Yow

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Zulu Art News!

August 1-30

Steve Williams

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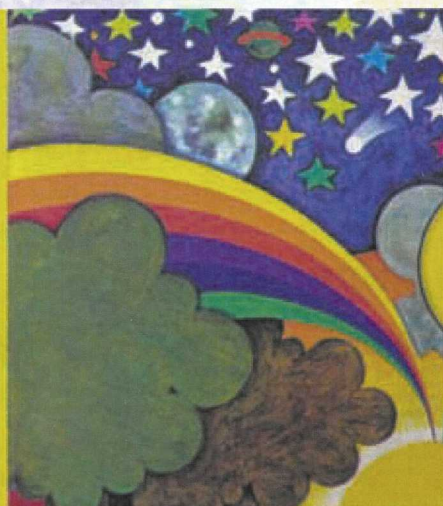
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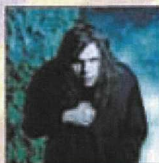
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